

# WHITE MAN

Author of "Home," "Through Stained Glass," "John Bogardus," Etc.

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By  
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CHAMBERLAIN

## ANDREA IS SAVED BY WHITE MAN'S CLEVER MARKSMANSHIP.

Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impeccable aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She disconsolately wanders from her hotel in South Africa, and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, of course imagining that the trip will be merely a pleasant excursion, she begs to be taken for a flight, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start. When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choke him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense crag, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. She is given a slave boy, "Bathtub," and the White Man sets about building a hut for her. White Man continues deaf to Andrea's pleadings to be restored to her friends. She goes on a day's hunting trip with White Man and thoroughly enjoys the exciting experience. Andrea, worrying over her deplorable lack of change of clothing, is surprised and delighted when a trunk, loaded with everything in the way of clothing dear to the feminine heart, is dropped at her doorway by stalwart natives and she is told by White Man that they are hers. White Man by a skillful shot saves her from the attack of a sable bull and she is fast becoming reconciled to her fate after eight days in the crag.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Certainly," he answered, absorbed in his topic. "Exchanged where there's another daughter available; where there isn't, money is refunded by order of the courts. But what I was driving at is that in spite of the contention mentioned above, wherever a woman is concerned a black can never get it out of his head that she can be replaced at the regular market price. Now you've got the kernel of his whole attitude toward women."

"So if it had been you they wouldn't have laughed and yelled."

"In this case, yes," he said. "They most certainly would, because they had no direct responsibility. But where responsibility attaches the rule for men is a life for a life, and it's a rule that has no exceptions. Anyone can brain a woman if he feels like it and get away with the identical obolo her husband paid for her."

"You seem to be a great admirer of the native social system," said Andrea quietly.

"I am," answered M'sungu. "For natives, of course."

"Are you sure you're not a bit tainted with it for yourself?"

"Sure," he answered promptly. "That's part of the secret of my grip on every country I've shot over. I'm proof. I've never turned my back on the White Man's God. Circular A is not for me."

"What's Circular A?"

He hesitated. "Circular A," he said finally, "is the regulation that governs the relations between British officials under the colonial office and the women of the tribes they govern."

"I'm British," said Andrea, after a pause, "and I blush for the necessity."

"You are prompt, like most of us," said M'sungu, "to sit in judgment before any force of nature that you've never felt. Poor devils of clean-bred youngsters! Take one that I knew. Three weeks' training under his predecessor, crazy to leave; a hundred thousand natives under his sole rule; one, perhaps two, bearded white faces a year. The long, long days after the sportsman has been swallowed by the pot-hunter, when game becomes just meat! And then, the fatal hour at dusk when a passing native girl—any girl—looks to him like some woman at home! He marries, not by canonicals perhaps, but by the common law of the land, and the 'people at home' shout 'crucify him,' but in the end it's God alone that will judge his agony and measure the price."

He stopped speaking and for a long time they traveled in silence. The sun was sinking fast—so fast that it seemed to be dropping by jerks, like the loose hand of a grandfather's clock.

"There is no twilight in the tropics," said M'sungu, "by the deliberate judgment of God who knows the capacity of the chart of man and would not have it burst."

"I can feel what you mean," answered Andrea, "even though you haven't really said it in words. The heart can hold just so much beauty and no more; and even now, mine is aching!"

"Andrea Pellor," said M'sungu, "you have the faculty of your sex. You have planned the butterfly."

She felt a sudden revulsion, a rage at this man, this stranger, who talked as she imagined he would fight, without gloves. Her eyes narrowed. "By the way, when Marguerite bolted, just what was it you shouted at me?"

He paused in his stride so suddenly that the dozing donkey butted into him and almost knocked him over. "Eh? What?" he asked to gain time.

"Come on," persisted Andrea. "Just say it again—what you shouted."

"Well," lied M'sungu, "I may not remember the exact words, but it was to the effect that you'd better head him off or jump off."

"Something like that," said Andrea incisively, "only shorter. You yelled, 'Marry him or jump off!'"

"I believe you're right," said M'sungu, and added, apologetically, "You see, I didn't have much time to think."

"Exactly!" said Andrea. "Instinctively all you saw was a joke, like every nigger in the line. You didn't care what happened to me. I might have been brainned under that tree and you knew it and all you could think of was that you just had time to

get in one more nasty bit of cleverness before I died!"

"Oh, no," protested M'sungu. "Go easy, now. Why, Marguerite has done that dozens of times. He knows exactly how to slice off his rider. And besides, he always stops."

"But what if he hadn't—what if he had?" continued Andrea hotly. "Oh, you know what I mean. What if he had killed me?"

"But he wouldn't," insisted the man weakly. "He wouldn't think of it."

Andrea pounded the horn of her saddle. "But—what if—he—had?"

M'sungu suddenly whirled, thereby winding the quiescent neck of Marguerite around his waist. He caught Andrea by both arms and fixed her startled eyes with the blaze of his own. "You will have it!" he said, shaking her lightly, "your d— personal element! Well, I'll give it to you. If he'd hurt so much as a hair of your head I'd have shot him and then myself and left word with you to bury us both in the same grave."

She flushed and looked away. When her eyes came back to his set face there were three kinds of sparkling wickedness in them—tenderness, the forked tongue of a serpent, and a twined knife. She chose the knife.

"White Man," she said, "that would have been adorable at the price—simply adorable!"

The weeks that followed were the remaking of Andrea physically. Each day she walked more and felt it less. From head to toes her body was without blemish and in her eyes, her cheeks and in the spring of her light step, sheer health flew its rejoicing banner. Day by day she followed M'sungu farther afield, took more of an interest in what he was doing because she understood it better and learned to wait before she sat in judgment on his actions, often surprising, always swift and assured. She even hardened herself to accompanying him on his hunts for meat for the camp pot and there was nothing that he did that gave her a deeper insight into his composition than this same butchering.

He made no secret of his distaste for the job and never an apology. Having a disagreeable task on his hands he faced it squarely and going out to kill, laid his plans, held to them with unswerving concentration and killed with a dispatch that was blood-curdling but admirable.

It was during the return from one of these expeditions that he expounded his definition of justifiable plunder. With his memory raw, as is the whole world, from contact with the long-haired Superman come to life to expose in the flesh the brutalizing doctrine of "thine is mine if I can take it," he found himself on treacherous ground and his words picked their way slowly as though bent on avoiding all misunderstanding.

"It is the truth," he said thoughtfully, "that the spirit of man advances only by plunder and the corollary to that is the fact that the plundered world is always the more fruitful. The unpardonable sin as far as peoples are concerned is the failure to define robbery under arms from productive plunder, and you can almost say the same thing of individual relationship."

He glanced at her and something of his earnestness passed to her with the look. "Go on," she said kindly.

"Can you believe me," he continued, "when I tell you that no one was more surprised than the Superman himself when he assumed flesh after his long preparation and awoke to find himself a Vandal—a Frankenstein? The theory was perfect—all that was lacking were the things of the spirit, the breath of life without which any animated creation becomes automatically a monster."

"And yet the collective spirit of man advances only by plunder. You can see it in my own country, yesterday, in Africa today and it will come in the other Americas tomorrow. The greatest thing ever said by Salisbury, a rock among men, was that as ruins are not evidence of occupation and that pocked epigram brings us face to face with danger at the fork of the road of freedom."

"Oh, White Man," said Andrea, her brow puckered with internal effort, "please apply it to individuals."

He started to nail her to the traditions of her sex but something truly

pleading in the tone of her voice made him turn boldly to the personal, after all, and however much we may jeer at it, the ultimate measure of sincerity. "I will," he said, "if ever I'm bent on plundering the heart of a woman, I'll travel the highroad of surrender in the company of ravage and love. I'll give and still give and with each giving will grow the heaped mountain of my demands. You see it, don't you? That's justifiable plunder."

Andrea's cheeks flushed, her eyes were dreamy with new thoughts and old emotions.

While the supply of the vast larder and the supervision of the fiber camp formed the major part of M'sungu's untiring industry they were by no means the total of his affairs. Watching him, Andrea soon learned why he never lunched. He hadn't the time; too many things pressed to his attention. He was a governor on no mean scale and during the midday rest hour he would pass from group to group settling all those disputes which could be determined without recourse to a legal argument. In this manner he sifted to a minimum the cases to come before the solemn conclaves of chiefs.

On the first occasion that Andrea witnessed this tribal ceremony which occurred monthly at a certain stage of the moon, she began by feeling humiliated, lacking an audience for her mood, soon gave it up for one of scornful amusement which, in turn, surrendered to an interest that almost amounted to awe. The day in question began with the curt information from M'sungu, who appeared carefully groomed and, for the first time in her experience, dressed in punctilious mufli, that she would have to amuse herself for twelve hours without his aid. Mystified, she awaited developments, and they came rapidly.

Under the great acacia was placed a table and behind it a camp armchair. To the right and left of this throne of



Dispensing Justice With a Breathless Rush.

Justice stood in a crescent fourteen other seats of varying dignity—chairs, petroleum cases, kerosene tins and an inverted bucket—for every native king, be he monarch of but one village, has the right to sit in the presence of authority, whatever its grade. The white man took the armchair and immediately, to the rumble of a dozen tom-toms, a horde of natives—all men—swarmed into the beaten court of the crag.

Those natives who lacked the royal hall-mark were squatting on their heels in a vast mass of serrated and concentric circles of which the innermost left an open space whose periphery was determined by the exact circumference of the wide-spreading branches of the tree. Andrea coughed softly but M'sungu did not look up. In fact, nobody looked up. It was exactly as though she were not. She slipped to the trunk of a tree and leaned on one hand placed against it. Somehow it seemed an only friend in an empty world.

The preliminary palaver was a matter of much leisurely ceremony, guttural pronouncements, grunts, pauses, more monologues, repeated grunts; but, once it was over, M'sungu settled back with a sigh and started dispensing justice with a breathless rush that reminded one of the manner in which he dispatched game.

It seemed to Andrea that he never waited to hear more than the statement of the offense when as would immediately pronounce sentence. "Twenty lashes; next! Thirty lashes; next! Twelve lashes; next," at the rate of about a case for every two minutes.

Nine times out of ten the victim would smile sheepishly and withdraw; in the tenth case there would come a look of sullen wonder into the culprit's face, whereupon the white man would promptly call a halt and demand more evidence. Such cases were then allotted half an hour and even an hour each, and without exception resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner at the bar.

Andrea was suddenly aware of M'sungu's voice indubitably addressed to her though he kept his eyes to the front and spoke in a toneless monologue as if he were communing with himself. "Behold! Psychology on the job," he said. "Watch their faces. Every native that knows his sentence to be just, takes it with an apologetic smile; if he looks sullen, the chances are a hundred to one that he's innocent. I've never gone wrong. They think I'm a wonder. Next!"

One case alone that day was apparently interminable. When at last it was completed M'sungu dropped his eyes for the first time and sat for a long while with bowed head; then he drew erect, looked the prisoner in the eye and spoke three words. A gray hue crept into the black's face as he turned away. "I have surrendered him to the justice of his tribe," murmured M'sungu. "Poor devil!" And Andrea knew that she had witnessed the precursor to an inevitable sentence of death.

That night M'sungu was too tired to talk and excused himself immediately after dinner. Andrea read until her eyes ached and then went to bed wondering if she were feeling only slighted or if existence were actually becoming monotonous. She shrank from the latter admission for she knew that, once made, it would shatter the longest run of sheer peace of spirit which she had experienced in her short but much bored life. She need not have worried. When she stepped out early next morning dressed for the field in compliance with a message from M'sungu to put on her roughest and toughest she was so excited that even the memory of her doubt was blotted from her mind. Something was in the air of the crag that could be felt rather than heard, the sort of something that one could imagine possessing a hive just before it began to hum.

M'sungu was already sitting under the dining tree engaged in a diminutive palaver with three wizened blacks who squatted on the ground squinting up at him and speaking in turn in answer to his patient questioning. Around them but at a respectful distance were gathered various members of the camp's personal staff. On the faces of the wizened three and also on M'sungu's was the same look of fanatical exaltation, the look that proclaims any group of diverse men brothers at heart.

"What is it?" asked Andrea, breathless from hurrying.

"Elephant," replied M'sungu. He drew a chair to his side. "Sit down," he said softly as one whose mind is half-narcotized and fearful of losing the dream. "Watch and listen, for these men bring great tidings." He smiled almost like a boy.

One of the wizened produced a thin wand, about twenty inches in length, freshly broken at one end. He passed it to his companions; who stared at it as though they saw it for the first time instead of the hundredth time, fingered it, gurgled over it and finally gravely handed it to M'sungu. He went through more or less the same process and returned it to the man who first produced it with what was apparently a slighting remark.

The man glanced up with a pained look on his face, laid the wand on the ground as a measure and with laborious fingers began to trace a mighty oval. M'sungu leaned across the table and gazed with fascinated eye; Andrea, watching him, could see the pulse throbbing at his temples. He was a new M'sungu, somebody young, approachable, lovable, an eager boy.

She leaned close to his shoulder. "Please, White Man," she murmured, "please tell me."

Without turning he put one hand out and grasped her wrist as though to still her. "The little man," he explained, "is drawing the spoor of a mighty beast. Look at it and learn it by heart, for it will be a photograph."

Having completed the circumference of his oval, the native was making various tracings on its face, dividing it as with a maze of tracks. When he had apparently finished, he sank back on his heels and gazed critically at his handiwork.

"Watch," said M'sungu. "Before he gets up, he'll put in some mark, some distinctive feature that distinguishes this spoor from all others."

No sooner had he spoken than the black leaned forward and with a sure touch deepened two of the cracks till they formed a long narrow V running diagonally half across the oval. That done he turned abruptly from his drawing, joined his comrades, turned his back on M'sungu and unstoppering a cartridge case, proceeded to take a snuff.

M'sungu straightened with a long quivering sigh. "It is well," he said in dialect. "We will go." The three wizened men nodded their heads many times and grunted. With no further instruction, gunbearers, water boys, trackers and Marguerite's attendant scattered to their various preparations, hindered by excited women and children. The camp hummed. Bathtub slapped breakfast on the table and then stood on one foot, then on the other in impatience. On the faces of all was the same half-smile, the same look of suppressed but mighty anticipation.

M'sungu ate a few mouthfuls but they seemed to choke him. He pushed back his plate, stuffed his pipe full and lit it. His eyes played over Andrea's face and fired hers with their own brilliance. When he spoke every word thrilled her as though this wonderful morning were surcharged with an emotional current sensitive to every sound and movement.

"Andrea Pellor," he said with a happy twinkle of mock solemnity in his glance, "you are about to be initiated into the mysteries of the major guild of many centuries, the closest corporation of sport in the world; in three words, the society of elephant hunters. You will probably witness death and I hope and pray it will be the death of the hunted, but for the comfort of your soft heart let me tell you that today we go forth not to slaughter but to battle."

He turned his eyes from her face and continued in a more serious strain: "The hunting of elephant is a science. It is a crescendo of delicately balanced factors that starts from two distant points and beginning on a cool foundation of mutual respect passes upward through stages of intelligence against intelligence, caution for caution, perseverance on the heels of endurance, until it meets on the high plane of naked courage and sweeps to its tragic climax of white-hot battle and death."

His eyes came back to hers frankly. "Like all the great sciences," he continued, "it has used the lives of valiant men for stepping-stones so that we who go out today are backed by the age-long sacrifice of a noble company. Looking back only to the days of black powder and the four-bore rifle we are mere pygmies, but pygmies carried high on the crest of an ancient tradition. It's because we have an accumulation of knowledge to lean upon that I'm willing to take you with me today if you'll promise to surrender yourself to me, to do just exactly what I tell you and no more and no less."

Eyes wide and intent, cheeks flushed and lips parted, Andrea was too excited to speak. She threw out both hands toward him in a gesture of abandon and with an imploring gravity that made her look as though she were giving herself into his keeping not for a day but for all time.

## CHAPTER VII.

They started out, a skeleton cavalcade. The three wizened ones led the way and Andrea measured their importance by the fact that they carried M'sungu's battery of rifles, respectfully surrendered by the gunbearers as a fitting tribute from onlookers to men who were hunters in their own right. M'sungu nodded toward them and spoke to Andrea over his shoulder. "The old boys are my brothers in arms and they carry the guns as a sort of insignia. When it comes down to business they'll slip them to the trained bearers."

Behind Andrea came Marguerite, his attendant before and Bathtub after him; then followed the gunbearers, a single tracker and a single water-boy. No hangers-on were allowed even to see the cortege from the crag. Over one shoulder Bathtub carried slung a cracker tin, container of all the food allotted to the day.

In ten minutes' march they came to the river which, in spite of its proximity to the camp, Andrea now saw for the first time. Often she had suggested to M'sungu that she wished to visit it, but on every occasion his lips had set in a straight line and he had invented manifold reasons for keeping her from its shores. The most efficacious of these arguments were snakes and crocodiles, but while she conceded the strength of those two deterrents she could not escape from an intuitive belief that there was something else—some other and rankling cause in the back of M'sungu's mind.

Some thrills in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Concentration of Mind.

The brain of the average person is too receptive and not positive enough. It is swayed by every gust of emotion, yields too easily to outside conditions. It reproduces too easily the idle thoughts of others, or its own phantasies, and avoids the effort of constructive thinking. A complete change in the mental habits of such a person may open the way for unlimited future development. Mental efficiency can only be attained when one possesses the power of concentrating the mind. Weak powers of concentration mean inefficient thinking and vacillating action. Regular daily practice in concentration, keeping the mind centered upon some one subject, some difficult problem, will soon give the mind the habit of constructive thinking. Persist in this practice and ignore all seeming lack of progress if you would obtain the fullest results.—Nautlius.

# Nasty Colds

Get instant relief with  
"Pape's Cold Compound"

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a cold and ends all gripe misery. The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dizziness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness. "Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's! Ad.

## Had Seen It Before.

Little Bobbie was playing school with his grandma the other day. He answered the teacher quite intelligently pertaining to some of the capital letters of the alphabet. Grandma pointed to the capital letter "Y," asking him what it was. "That's easy," he replied, "that's a sling-shot."

## "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

## What He Did.

The magistrate—it is charged that you used scurrilous language to this man, and then struck him with a dangerous missile.

Prisoner (indignantly)—Oh did nothing at the kind. Oh called 'im a lyin' pup, an' hit 'im wid a brick.

## BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschree's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## And There Are Other Public Bodies.

"There are scientific questions," said Sir Oliver Lodge recently, "that will never be answered." One of these was recently propounded by the Basuto chief, who, after listening to the house of commons for an hour, asked what it was for.—London Punch.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

## Tribute to His Eloquence.

"Dat wuz a pow'ful appeal yo' made from de pulpit, Pahnson Shims." "I'm right glad yo' thought so, Brudder Jackson. Wuz yo' moved?" "Yes, sah; most pow'ful! I had to hol' mahself in from putting somethin' in de contribution box."—Boston Transcript.

There would be a lot more silence in this world if we talked only about the things we know.

**MURINE** Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Males Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.